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FIRM
Piano Business

ASK PACE
THE
MUSIC MAN

Ludden & Bates, Southern Music House

J. Fletcher Pace, Mgr. Arcadia Branch

Address Your Order to: Arcadia, DeSoto County, Florida

King of the Drove

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When the first of the cattlemen came into the San Remo valley they found a drove of wild horses numbering thirty. The drove was led by a gray stallion whose beauty and fleetness had been the talk of prospectors, trappers and Indians for two years.

A belated stagecoach over on the San Luis road, where wild horses had never been seen, was crawling along one night when out of the darker shadows sprang the gray stallion with a scream of anger and attacked the leaders. He bit and tore and struck. The stage was whirled into the ditch and three passengers badly hurt, and one of the four horses was so badly used that he did not live an hour. Herds of cattle lying down for the night and chewing the cud of contentment were routed up and sent flying for miles by the sudden advent of the gray horse.

Had men admired him less he would have been mercilessly hunted down. As it was they made plans to take him captive. On a certain day and date sixty riders were stationed at named points in the valley, and forty men on foot guarded certain scrub forests in which the victim might seek to hide—a hundred determined men in all—and how could a lone horse hope to escape the net to be drawn around him?

At sunrise the hundred were ready. For ninety miles east and west, and for thirty miles north and south, they waited for the gray horse. Each mounted man was to pursue the fugitive for five miles only, going at the top of his speed. Then men on foot were to fire their rifles and add to the poor beast's panic.

As if the plans of men had been whispered in his ear and as if he bade defiance to them and was anxious for the struggle, the gray horse was at the lower end of the valley when the sun rose. By means of flags and signal fires the news was communicated to all, and the chase began. The wild horse did not dash away in a panic. On the contrary, he struck a gait that just kept him well ahead of the rider, and not once in a run of fifty miles was he seen to break that gait. Then he turned aside into the scrub and was hunted for for two hours in vain. He drank and fed and rested, and then he charged one of his pursuers, dragged him for rods in his teeth and resumed his gallop up the valley.

The night was turned into day by a bright moon, and the plan was to give the horse no rest. After covering eighty miles he disappeared as shadows came and go, and his pursuers had to go into camp.

Next morning, as the east was purpling, the horse came out of the dark ravine in which he had rested in safety and kicked up his heels as a challenge. On that day he exhibited his powers of speed and endurance as if priding himself upon them. Without a moment's rest, without a nibble at the sweet grass or touching his nose to the waters of the many brooks, he galloped a distance of 120 miles. No pursuing rider came within pistol shot of him. At night he again disappeared, and the opening of the third day saw him as fresh as ever.

Perhaps the gray horse had reasoned it out during the hours of darkness. His enemies were too many for him. His drove had been killed off, and he was all alone to contend with the machinations of man. He might evade them for a few days and remain in the valley where he was born and where he knew every foot of the ground, but in the end he must be captured.

There was another valley lying ten miles to the east. The way to it led through a narrow and rugged defile in the mountains. He had led his drove

through that defile once and caught the odor of the bear and the mountain lion and been made afraid. Now he must chance it without company. He trembled more at the recollection of that odor than he did at sight of men. Little time was given him for planning. As soon as he appeared in sight signals were made and the pursuit taken up.

The gray horse started off with a burst of speed that elicited cheers of admiration from the men. They compared it to the flight of a cannon ball. He had ten miles to go to reach the pass, and a bird could hardly have made the distance sooner. The men had not provided for the fugitive leaving the valley, and there was no one to oppose him as he wheeled into the pass and found the broad light of day turned into twilight.

After going a few hundred feet he halted. His pursuers had seen him make the pass, and he could hear their shouts afar off, but he did not like the twilight. It was uncanny. There was a lonesomeness about it. Evil spirits seemed to be brooding in the rugged and narrow way. It was that or capture, however, and the gray horse went on.

He heard the water dripping from the rocky sides. He heard the whine of coyotes and the growl of a wolf that had sneaked into the pass as day broke. He caught the odor of pine and cedar and tried to feel confidence in himself. Half way through the pass he came out, and the sunshine filtered down. The gray horse paused here to listen for sounds of pursuit. In a tree above him a mountain lion lay extended on a limb. The coming of the horse had driven him up there.

There was no snarling, no growling, no sound of claws against bark to warn the gray horse. A body suddenly descended on his back, a great paw struck him a fatal blow on the head, and a fierce eyed beast stood with his paws on the dead horse and growled defiance at the men who came up the pass. The life of the gray horse had gone out, but he had not submitted to the thralldom of man. M. QUAD.

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Arcadia, Florida

Notice for Publication.

Department of the Interior, Land Office at Gainesville, Fla., June 4, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before clerk circuit court at Arcadia, Fla., on July 19, 1906, viz: William H. Allen, of Moffitt, Fla., Hd 3848 for the SW 1/4 of section 7, Tp 38 S, R 16 E.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Budd Sumner, of Moffitt, Fla.; J. I. Whidden, of Moffitt, Fla.; Henry Walker, of Zolfo, Fla.; Marion C. Carlton, of Zolfo, Fla. W. G. Robinson, Register.

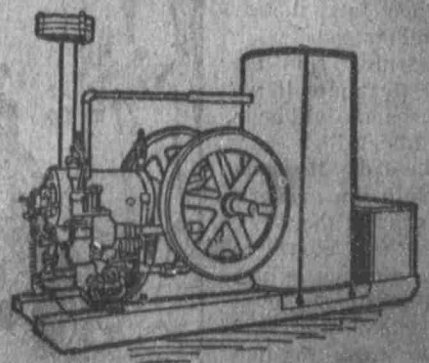
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